

Arlington Advocate.

6

CHARLES N. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 1.

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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About Town Matters IN ARLINGTON.

—Jason street is to be lighted by electric lights. There are to be six lights.

—The second term of Miss Nellie Hardy's school for short-hand writing, opens with the new year.

—Rev. Mr. Beers, rector of the Episcopal church at Concord, changed pulpits with Rev. Mr. Ketchum on Saturday last.

—The young people of the Unitarian church have been preparing, for some time, a dramatic performance to be given in the near future.

—The ladies' Sewing Circle connected with the Unitarian church will hold their annual fair and sale some time in February.

—The young ladies missionary society met at the Pleasant-street Congregational church on Monday afternoon. Various plans were discussed for this year's work.

—Tickets have been quite generously distributed for a public installation of the officers of Post 36, G. A. R., in Town Hall, next Thursday evening.

—The installation of the officers of the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 43., will be private, and at the Corps rooms, on Thursday, Jan. 10th, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

—The many friends of Dr. Winn will be glad to learn of his recovery, although slow, from his recent severe prostration. He has been able to drive for a short distance one or two of these beautiful days.

—The subject for the first Sunday in the new year at the young people's meeting at the Pleasant street church, on Sunday, will be, "Take no thought for the morrow." Miss Mabel N. Gott will lead the meeting.

—Rev. Dr. Mason, of Pleasant St. Congregational church, returned to Orange, N. J., on Friday last, where he is trying to regain his physical strength among relatives.

—A large number gathered in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Friday evening of last week for the purpose of organizing a Unitarian Club. The preliminaries of such an organization were effected and much interest was manifested in the project. A meeting for more complete organization and the choice of officers will be held on Monday evening at the vestry.

—We have been laboring under a misapprehension. It was Mr. T. R. Parris who was the special talent engaged for the Christmas concert at the Baptist church, and not Mr. Allen as was stated. The duet by Mr. Norris and Mr. Parris (the former of the Oxford Quartette) was one of the especial features of the occasion as was also the delightful cornet playing by Mr. Merrill, of Somerville.

—At 6.30 o'clock, on Wednesday evening, an attempt was made by two men to effect an entrance into the store of Rodney J. Hardy, at 23 Doane street. The fellows began to open a window in the rear of the store, but the noise of breaking glass alarmed a woman at work in the building, and her appearance frightened the thieves away. Patrolman Robinson was notified and a search instituted, but nothing further was discovered.—Traveller.

—The monthly sociable took place at the Congregational church, Pleasant st., Wednesday evening, the ladies of the Sewing Circle meeting in the afternoon. Supper was served at seven o'clock, and when the company had been seated at the bountifully spread table, it was seen that an unusually large number were present. No formal programme was presented for the evening, but a pleasant time was enjoyed in a quiet manner.

—Mr. Silas Frost, of Belmont, died Monday morning, after a short sickness brought on by cold and rheumatism. He was thought to be getting better by his doctor and family, as Sunday and Sunday night was his best time since he was taken sick. Monday morning he arose, dressed himself, and was about to wash when he dropped and almost instantly expired. He leaves one daughter and four sons to mourn his loss. He was a man of strict honesty and good judgment, and his fame all through this section was that of a man of sterling integrity. The funeral service was held at his late home, corner Lake and Pleasant street, this afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev. A. M. Lord, pastor of the First Parish church, officiating.

—The city of Boston, like all great centres of population, is the great rendezvous of the criminal classes, and from it go out from time to time thieves and housebreakers, slugs and by company, to victimize the suburban homes. Consequently there is continually what might be termed an epidemic of

crime in some section within a radius of ten miles of Boston; and it really seems strange with such a multiplicity of cases, there are few arrests and convictions and seldom is stolen property recovered. The police of both city and country will give what they consider good reasons, and doubtless they are active and alive to the importance of their offices, and yet it does seem that if the parties suffering loss and the legal authorities would act in concert, more of these thieves could be captured and punished. This section has suffered repeatedly within a period of a few years, Lexington being the victim on last Friday evening. Arlington and Belmont suffering a like visitation on Sunday night. The houses visited were E. C. Turner's and George Hill's, about \$2.00 being stolen from the former, 6 tea spoons and sugar tongs, from latter; Warren S. Frost, of Belmont, where fifteen spoons were taken; Mr. Marsh and Mr. Fletcher, where no booty was secured.

—The public installation of the officers of Post 36, G. A. R., in Town Hall, next Thursday evening, will be an interesting event. The Post will occupy the centre of the hall which will be arranged to correspond with Post headquarters, and the invited guests will occupy chairs arranged around the reserved space. These seats will be reserved to ticket holders until eight o'clock, after which any present without seat tickets will be provided for. Besides the public installation we have intimations of an interesting event which will introduce Lieut. Gov. Brackett as spokesman. Prominent officials of the State Department will also be present. Each member of the Post has tickets, and citizens desiring to attend can be supplied with these to the full capacity of the hall.

—The Arlington branch of C. L. S. C. celebrated the advent of the new year in a pleasant manner, the residence of Mr. C. M. Hall, on Maple street, being thrown open to receive the circle and its invited guests. The invitation announced a "Pink Tea," and in conformity to the idea of such a sociable, the ladies wore appropriate costumes, and the gentlemen made such recognition as the ordinary male attire admits. The house was charmingly decorated, and the company, numbering about fifty, will have a pleasant remembrance of the dawn of 1889. The programme embraced piano solo by Mrs. Hall; roll call responded to with appropriate New Year quotations; a charming reading of a selection from Dickens, by Miss Minnie Pierce; essay on New Year observances by Mrs. Gooding, containing many quaint facts, nicely arranged; "The Last Tilt," a seasonal poem, recited with much force by Mrs. Kidder; solo by Miss Vellar, of Lynn, a chance visitor, who kindly responded to an enthusiastic encore; "Wemmick's Wedding," by Miss Grace Swan, in which marked talent and skill was shown; "The Chautauque Idea," told in the form of a sketch by Mr. Kidder; "Our Banker" (Time) read by Mr. Hall, the "pink" of the occasion. In the absence of Miss Boston, the editor of the society paper, "The Spectator," was read by Mrs. Trow. These exercises completed, the company adjourned to the dining room and enjoyed the bountiful "pink" refreshment served.

—The annual new year party occurred in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Tuesday and was as happy an opening for the new year as it has ever proved. The means chosen to entertain and gratify the children differed from that of more recent years, the officers returning to the good old fashion of a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus, to surprise the children with on this occasion. The young people of the Sunday school gathered at an early hour and after some refreshments had been served all gathered in the large vestry to await the advent of the good old saint, a large number of the older members of the parish being present and many friends. In due season Santa Claus arrived and proved on this occasion to be abounding in genial spirits, which delighted the children, who in their turn amused the older company by their shrieks of delight and appreciation. Every child was remembered with a pretty and appropriate gift and to the older members of the school were given volumes of poets by the different well-known authors. Of course there was an abundance of candy and peanuts. The most elegant and costly gift which Santa Claus discovered was for the pastor Rev. A. M. Lord, and the small package when opened disclosed to his astonished and pleased sight a very handsome gold watch, engraved with his monogram on the back. His deep appreciation was expressed to the many who had the pleasure of looking at what a large portion of the parish had contributed to buy as a token of their love and respect to their pastor. Those of the school (and it was surprising how many there were) who had been constant in their attendance

were rewarded, as on similar occasions, by Mr. H. H. Celley, the superintendent, with handsome and appropriate books. The remainder of the evening passed in a happy as well as social manner.

Scholars present every Sunday during 1888:—
Lucy Prescott. Vida Damon.
Nina Winn. Helen Damon.
Lottie Blitzer. Edward Bailey.
Carrie Hunting. Maggie Klingler.
Alice Homer. Fred Damon.
George Winn. Fred Fowle.
Louis Clarke. Lillian Oakes.
Roy Clarke. Bessie Bacon.
Harold Rice. James Oakes.
Fred M. Wilder. Willie Rau.
Charles Clarke. Arthur Reynolds.
George Clarke. Mary Leavens.
Louise Marsh. Alice Hobbs.
Annie Pyne. Charlie Prescott.
Robert Blitzer. Frank Frost.
Robert Leavens. Max Brooks.
J. Winslow Bailey. Lindsay Foster.
Horace Hardy. Agnes Damon.
Lillian Knowles.

Five others were absent but once during the year, and a large number were absent only on account of illness. The attendance of teachers was remarkably good throughout the year, several not being absent at all, and others but once or twice.

We wonder if any of the happy recipients of these prizes knew that Mr. Celley, who for twelve years has filled his responsible position, has been absent from his post of duty but six times in all these years, and then on account of sickness, and realized what a sacrifice of time and personal ease and comfort this means. There are few people in any community willing to devote themselves so completely.

—The Charles V. Marsh, Comp. 45, of Sons of Veterans, hold their installation of officers on the evening of Jan. 17th, which occurs on Thursday.

—We have enjoyed meeting the past week quite a number of our friends attending various colleges of learning, who came home for the holiday vacation. We hope they have enjoyed their home visit.

—Patter's annual entertainment, Jan. 24.

—Tenement of five rooms and bath, \$12.00; seven rooms and bath, \$15.00. Apply to C. S. Parker, Arlington.

—\$5,000 will buy a nice home in Arlington. Enquire of C. S. Parker, Swan's Block.

—The Governor's message is brief, concise, business like, crammed with suggestions. The Governor would have made a good newspaper man.

—The first of a series of entertainments to be given in the Unitarian vestry this winter, will take place on Thursday evening, Jan. 10. A very attractive program has been prepared. Admission, 15 cents.

—Sunday next being the festival of the Epiphany, there will be services with the Holy Communion at St. John's Church in the morning at 10.30; Catechism at 3.30 p.m.; and Evening Prayer at 4 o'clock.

—We learn that letters have been received from the Trowbridge family, of this town, announcing their safe arrival at Gibraltar on the 15th of December, after a pleasant voyage thus far. They then expected to reach Naples by the 20th.

—The Samaritan Society held their annual meeting yesterday afternoon in the Universalist vestry, and Miss Abbie E. Russell was elected President for the year. A fine supper was served to a goodly company at six o'clock.

—The annual meeting of the church members connected with the Universalist Parish was held last evening at 8 o'clock. Officers were elected, and the pastor delivered an address entitled "The Relation of the Church to the World."

—The first Sunday of the new year will have appropriate observance at the Universalist church next Sunday morning, and Rev. F. A. Gray will deliver a sermon entitled "The Old Closed, the New Opened."

—The Young People's Social Club will give another of their entertainments in the vestry of the Universalist church Wednesday evening, Jan. 16. At this time the long-looked for "Original Smith Family" will appear in full costume and give their peculiar program. A roaring farce, entitled "Paddle your own Canoe," will make a fitting close.

—At the annual election of officers for the year 1889, the Universalist Sunday school selected the following:—

Superintendent, Miss Grace G. Swan; Assistant-Superintendents, Mrs. A. M. Davidson, Mr. Henry Swan; Sec., Miss Nellie C. Marston; Treas., Mr. O. B. Marston; Librarians, Mr. Henry Weir, Master George Storer; Chorister, Mr. Edward H. Cutter; Pianist, Miss Carrie Higgins; Director to Sunday School Union, Mr. J. H. Perry.

—Seats for H. W. Patter's concert, Jan. 24, now on sale at O. W. Whittemore's.

—Messrs. Hornblower and Weeks begin the new year in a new office,—22 Devonshire street, Boston.

—Our neighboring town of Belmont now boasts of a local paper, the "Belmont Courier," having made its bow to the public last week.

—Mrs. Henry Swan and her daughter, wife of Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker, had a narrow escape from a serious accident on New Year's Day, while out riding. The animal they were driving was frightened from some cause, and

started to run away. Fortunately assistance was at hand and the animal was secured before serious damage was done, although the carriage was somewhat broken.

—The last form of the catalogue of the public library will be in the hands of the binder the first of next week, and not many days later copies will be ready for delivery. The entire work of type setting and printing was performed in the ADVOCATE office, and we consider it a good piece of work. We believe it will compare favorably with the best of city work.

—Last Wednesday evening the parishioners of Rev. F. A. Gray, of the Universalist church, in quite large numbers, called at the parsonage, and in addition to extending the usual happy greetings, and spending a social hour, left with Mrs. Gray a token of respect and esteem in the shape of a purse of gold coins. The people do well to thus recognize the zeal and good work of their minister, who during his residence among us has developed so many traits that go to make up a successful pastorate.

—D. D. G. M., J. P. Gibson and Suite, were present Wednesday evening, and installed the following elected and appointed officers of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F.:

N. G., J. Fred Bitzer; V. G., W. A. Rogers; R. Sec., C. W. Bunker; P. Sec., S. G. Dunbar; Treas., N. E. Whittier; W. Edward Crocker; C. C. A. Hardy; J. G. A. E. Bacon; O. G., Philip Eberhardt; R. S. N. G., J. H. Richardson; L. S. N. G., J. A. Marden; R. S. V. G., H. C. Fessenden; L. S. V. G., A. A. Tilden; R. S. S. Henry Schumacher; L. S. S. J. Bitzer; Chaplain, H. T. Gregory; Organist, G. H. Thayer.

—Col. Alfred Norton and wife make their home with their son, Mr. Benj. B. Norton, at his beautiful residence between Academy and Jason street. Last Monday morning, as Mrs. Norton started to descend the stairs, she stumbled and fell their entire length, sustaining injuries of a very serious nature, the most severe being a fracture of the hip. At her advanced age an injury of this kind is of the most serious nature, but a vigorous constitution and the watchful care she will receive from her son's family, give strong hopes for her ultimate recovery.

—Rev. A. M. Lord will occupy his own pulpit on Sunday.

—The children's dancing class met on Wednesday afternoon at the usual time and place.

—The "week of prayer" occurs next week, and, as is their usual custom, the members of the Baptist church will hold meetings during the week of a religious nature.

—The school children have missed the usual season of winter sports during their holiday vacation, but what the weather has lacked in seasonableness has been made up by the fair and beautiful days of the past week or two. The Christmas vacation of 1888 is something to be remembered from this fact if no other, the weather having been phenomenal.

Lexington Locals.

—The young ladies Lend a Hand Society, of the First Parish church held their monthly meeting on Tuesday of this week in the parlor of the church. The society has recently sent quite a number of books to the outposts of Arizona where they will be much appreciated.

—The ladies' Reading Circle met on Monday with Miss Harrington. The circle are enjoying this year of work much more than usual, having taken up a regular plan of study which makes these gatherings more interesting and of much more practical value. They are making a study of the works of the American poets and at present are taking up Dr. Holmes and his delightful works.

—An interesting service has been planned by Rev. Mr. Staples, which will take place at the Unitarian church next Sunday evening. It will be a circuit meeting. The pastors of the various churches of the Unitarian denomination in this section will be present to offer suggestions and advice drawn from observation in their own parishes.

—The formal opening of the Bedford House, at Bedford, Mass., took place New Year's evening. A pleasant programme of exercises was presented, and a large number were present to participate. This house has changed hands recently, and will be run as a temperance hotel and a suitable place for social gatherings.

—The regular sociable was held in the Baptist church, Wednesday evening. A very pleasing entertainment was given, consisting of readings by Miss Taylor and Miss Fergusson, solo by Miss Wilkin's and harmonies solo by Master Paul Greenwood. The supper was under the charge of Mrs. Wilkin and was deserving of much credit.

—The installation of the officers of Independence Lodge, A. O. U. W., will occur on January 13th, next, Friday evening.

President Carnot, of France, is a carpenter by trade, but he is a poor Cabinet maker.

Canadian reports say that deer and other large game are getting very scarce in that section.

In thirty-seven years the increase in the number of native-born Frenchmen has been less than 1,500,000.

There is a perfect carnival of suicides sweeping over the country just now. A sort of dance of death, so to speak.

The official statement of the National Socialist vote shows that only one per cent. supported the Socialist candidate.

One of the promised sensations of the Paris Exhibition will be given by a man who will make daily balloon ascensions mounted on a horse.

The American railroad companies claim that the present tariff of rates on freight will lead to inevitable bankruptcy of their corporations.

St. Petersburg is the only capital of Europe in which the population is steadily diminishing. During the last seven years the inhabitants of that city have decreased by 85,000.

A Philadelphia newspaper offers \$50 to the person who will guess correctly the next Cabinet. Here, says the *Savannah (Ga.) News*, is a chance for General Harrison to coin a little money.

In 1876 South Carolina cast 183,000 votes for Presidential electors. Since then the number has declined steadily. Last election it was but 80,000—less than half what it was a dozen years ago.

Russia proposes to whip all of her neighbors if they will lend her enough money to pay for the powder and shot. At last accounts her offer to accept a \$10,000,000 loan had not been accepted.

According to the gossip of the London Bar, the Parrell Commission cost precisely \$15 a minute. This calculation includes the whole expenditure of all the parties concerned, the State included.

The cause of woman's rights in France has progressed to the point of the introduction of a bill to grant to tradeswomen paying licenses the right to vote at elections of Judges of the Tribunal of Commerce.

It is estimated that there are in the east of London alone 314,000 persons entirely dependent upon casual labor. A great proportion of this number live a dull, hopeless, shiftless and sad life on the verge of starvation.

Not far from a million tons of wheat straw are annually burned in Missouri "to get rid of it." It will not be long, predicts the *Farm, Field and Stockman*, before we shall hear that the soil of that State is becoming exhausted.

Dakota bases her claim to admission as a State on an area of 151,000 square miles, a population of 800,000, a crop of wheat of 80,000,000 bushels, of corn 20,000,000 bushels, property worth \$157,000,000 and a banking capital of \$10,000,000.

On the other hand, the General takes ground in favor of the establishment of a system of postal or Government telegraphy, and says the necessity for it is urgent. He desires that Congress shall appoint a scientific commission to erect short experimental lines.

Sam Sloan, the distinguished authority on railway management, says the only way for the railroad to get higher rates is to put them up. It is refreshing, confesses the *New York Graphic*, to find some one who seems to really understand the railroad problem.

It is estimated by the *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*, that the value of the annual forest product of the United States is \$800,000,000, or more than double the value of the cotton crop. The increasing demand for lumber has made great ravages on our forests, and the movement to prevent their depletion is worthy of all encouragement.

The amount of tobacco grown in Germany of late years has been considerable. The effect upon American trade has been felt to some extent. The German production in 1886-'87 was 84,987,000 pounds, while the average production for fifteen years has been 89,364,000 pounds annually. Poor crop conditions in 1888-'89 caused a falling off in production.

The completion of a line of railroad in the Chinese Empire, from Tien Tien to Lual, eighty-one miles in length, has led to a current statement that this is the first railway ever built in the Empire. This is hardly correct. On June 3, 1878, a line of forty miles long was opened from Shanghai to Woosung; and, for some time, a coal line has been running between the K'ang-ping mines and Ho Chow. But the Government has always discouraged private enterprise in this direction, and there are yet no marked signs of a change in policy.

"Take all the lawyers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and they can't scrape up one single case where an innocent man has been hanged," says the *Chicago Herald*. "All such instances are purely imaginary."

A new labor organization is forming. It is to be non-partisan, and "composed of intelligent workmen for the practical discussion of economic questions, and to take such action as will be for the best interests of American workmen."

The percentage of deaths from attacks of yellow fever was about ten per cent. during the prevalence of the last epidemic. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, according to the same authority, the deaths were equal to not less than one-half or one-third of the cases. This would seem to indicate that more scientific nursing and doctoring were having a good effect even upon this terrible scourge.

An expert has computed some statistics of the lyric stage in the chief cities of Europe with the conclusion that opera is going to the dogs. There is no good singer in Berlin. At Dresden, Maltin is the only good one. The Saxon chorists are detestable. Vienna provides nobody worth mentioning, and things are worse in Italy than anywhere, for the great operas cannot be given there for lack of singers.

The Webster loom case is easily first among American patent litigations, involving, as it did, nearly \$30,000,000, and having been in court fifteen years. A decision nominally for the plaintiff terminates the great litigation by an award of nothing to be paid by the defendants. The original litigants and original counsel are nearly all dead, and yet the result is the same as if the suit had not been brought, except as to what the lawyers have made out of it.

The British soldier is as simple-minded as ever. A gunner in one of the recent fights in Egypt was serving his piece when it was surrounded so closely by Arabs that he had to use his rammer as a club, and he broke it. He was selected for the Victoria cross. When called up to receive it he thought that it was for the indefensible breach of discipline of having broken the rammer, and volunteered a plea of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. Then he got the cross.

From Acting Vice-President of the United States to collector of customs at a small lake port is something of a tumble in politics, muses the *San Francisco Chronicle*. That appears to be the ambition now of Thomas W. Ferry, who, while United States Senator from Michigan, was chosen to preside over the Senate after the death of Henry Wilson. He is a candidate for the office of collector at Grand Haven, Mich. His service in Congress aggregated eighteen years.

Says the *New York Times*: "The recent fall of Calumet and Hecla shares, caused by a fire in that copper mine, shows how the value of great mining property may be affected temporarily by sales in a narrow market. At the opening of business in the Boston Exchange on the morning after the fire, the price of shares (par \$25) was \$305, but in an hour or two it had fallen to \$255. This indicated a decrease of \$5,000,000 in the value of the property, and this apparent decline had been caused by the sale of only 752 shares of stock."

The three most powerful organizations of farmers in the West and Southwest are the National Alliance, the National Wheel, and the National Co-operative Union. The first named is strongest in Illinois, Wisconsin, and other Northern States, and the second in Texas, Arkansas, and other Southern States. They have social features, and often act in combination at the polls in elections. All three of these bodies recently held a joint conference in Meriden, Miss., and agreed to unite in one organization, under a new constitution.

There is a great deal of interesting information about the strikes of the past few years in the report sent to Congress from the National Bureau of Labor; but the statistics do not cover the present year. In the seven years ending with last December there were 4755 strikes in the United States, involving about 1,500,000 men and women. Over one-half of them were wholly or partially successful. The main causes producing them were demands for higher wages and shorter hours of labor. The strikes of 1888 were fewer than those of several previous years.

A Washington physician says, in the *Star*, that our Southern ports will never be safe from the yellow fever until they cut off all intercourse with Cuba. The Cubans do not care to stop them on the disease as it does not hurt them much. It kills off one thousand Spanish soldiers every year, and that is just what the islanders want. Cuba will never be placed in a healthy condition until it is annexed to the United States. Then our Government would no doubt establish a complete system of sewerage that would carry to the bottom of the ocean the refuse that is now deposited around the wharves in the harbor.

HIS MOTHER.

Dead! my wayward boy!—my own—
Not the Law's!—but mine—the good
God's free gift to me alone,
Sanctified by motherhood.

"Bad," you say! Well, who is not?
"Brutal," with "a heart of stone!"
And "red-handed"—Ah! the hot
Blood upon your own!

I come not, with downward eyes,
To plead for him shamefully;
God did not apologize
When he gave the boy to me.

Simply, I make ready now
For His verdict. You prepare!—
You have killed us both—and how
Will you face us there!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Independent*.

BEHIND THE ARRAS.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

I had been sent by the General Post Office at Dublin, where I was at that time an official, to inquire into the question of the necessity of establishing an office in the far lying district of the West of Ireland.

I left Dublin early one morning, and after traveling all day arrived at Dunmore at about five in the afternoon. This was as far as I was able to go by train; so hiring a car I determined to push on by road, and if possible reach my destination that night.

My "Jarvey," as the drivers are called in Ireland, was like most of the Irish peasant class, a dull, anything but a funny being, yet, withal, as doggedly pertinacious at a bargain as a Maltese.

My particular specimen was not at all a bad natured fellow. I found him merely uninteresting and dull. In vain I asked him for information as to the various houses we passed—what rents per acre were usually paid in this district? What he supposed was the population of that? To nearly all my questions he replied, with generally very little variety of expression:—"Well, surr, I don't rightly know." Then he would turn his mare, with a "Get up, Molly," at the same time giving his reins a twitch, and administering what he would have called a "shkerrup" with his whip.

The road, like most Irish roads, was bad. Perhaps the traffic was so small that it was not considered necessary to keep it in repair. Anyway, we jolted on remorselessly, evasively.

"I trust your springs are strong?" I asked, presently.

"O, they're strong enough, surr."

The man was either not altogether truthful or no springs were yet made which could have withstood the loose stones we found scattered along our path. After two or three more than ordinarily severe jolts, I found myself lying on the road. The off-side spring had broken, and, as a consequence, the balance of the car had been upset, and with it myself.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked, angrily.

"Well, surr, I don't rightly know," replied the man, impetuously.

"How far is it to the next village?"

"Well, surr, I—"

I knew what he was going to say, so cut him short.

"Can't you ask?"

"There's nowan to ask."

The man was right 't's time. We appeared to be in a bleak, barren part of the country, without a human being in sight, far or near. So I scrambled up to the top of a mud tank and reconnoitered. I was now some feet above the road level, and able to command a fairly extensive prospect. Straining my eyes to the utmost, for it was now dusk, I discerned, at about the distance of an English mile and a half, smoke issuing from some chimneys. This, at any rate, was something to be thankful for; so, telling the driver to lead the horse, I struck out for the village.

The inn was not difficult to find. It appeared to be the only house of any importance in the place—an Irish abode, comfortable looking hostelry at the best; with a landlord sad, sallow faced, Spanish looking—this last a characteristic often to be met with in this part of the country.

I explained matters in a few words and ended by asking: "Could I have a bed for the night?"

"You cannot," he replied, not uncivilly, but decisively.

"You see the predicament—the difficulty we're in," I pleaded, substituting an easy for a more uncommon word.

"Ivry room in the house is wanted this night, surr." He spoke as if usually he had twenty or thirty at his disposal.

"Come, I'll give you a sovereign for supper, breakfast and a bed."

I would have given him that sum for a shakedown alone, but did not deem it wise to appear too flush of money.

The man—whose name I saw by the sign was McKillan—looked at me solemnly, then rubbed his chin contemplatively, and then called a young girl of about sixteen and spoke to her in Irish. In answer to her first sentence, the girl shook her head stupidly; he went on speaking, however, argumentatively, as it seemed to me. I remarked that the girl covered her face with her hands for an instant while he spoke; it was a strange gesture in such a connection, but it made no impression on me at the time. I was too eager for the result of their discussion.

It seemed that the man had won his point, for presently he said: "Well, surr, my daughter an' me think we can manage a supper, breakfast an' bed—at the price ye name."

"That's all right. Can I go up now and have a wash?"

"The room is not ready yet, but we'll bring a basin an' hot wather down here to ye."

It mattered little to me where I washed off the stink of travel, so I agreed.

It was soon arranged that the carman was to seek shelter somewhere in the village, at a house the landlord told him of. We ascertained, besides, there was a blacksmith shop, where he could get his spring mended in the morning.

During the evening I inquired if the room was ready yet, as I wanted to unpack my bag.

"It'll be all right by bed time, he answered. "It's not ready yet."

"Dear me," I thought to myself, "this room requires great need of preparation. Are they converting it from a pig sty, and is the present occupant objecting?"

The bacon and eggs for supper were

most delectable, at least, I thought so, which amounted to the same thing. What a nabob the landlord must have thought me! Bacon, I knew to be a luxury in the more remote parts of Ireland. But a supper of bacon and eggs, and then a call for "more." Was it possible he was harboring, not an angel, but the "Lord Life!at" unawares!

Later on, three or four of the people of the village came in for their glasses and pipes and conversed in low tones to the landlord, so low that I could not hear what they said; but, as each one got up to go, I remarked that he said significantly, as he pressed the landlord's hand, "To-morrow, then."

When the men were gone I asked my host what was going to occur to-morrow—a fair, an eviction, or what? He pretended not to hear me, and presently commenced speaking of some other subject.

At about half past ten Nancy McKillan, the landlord's daughter, after whispering something to her father, announced that the room was ready.

At last. Taking up a candle, the man preceded me up the creaking stairs. Before he opened the door he paused for a moment, then led me into a very fair sized apartment, practically two rooms knocked into one. It was an old house. Blackened beams crossed the ceiling, and the large fireplace looked as though it had not been new even at the time of the "Rebellion."

"I shan't want two beds," said I, laughing, on observing at one end of the room a little truckle bed, and at the other a large four-poster, with heavy curtains drawn all round it. "Which is mine?"

"This wan, sir," he replied, pointing to the little one. "To tell you the truth, surr, he went on, after a short pause, "this is me daughter's room. She generally sleeps in that bed," pointing to mine, "and keeps all her odds and ends an' clothes on this bed behind them curtains. She would not like ye to see the disorder it's in, so she pinned up the curtains. We're not like the English, tidy an' that; we throw one thing here and another there, and think nothin' of it."

I laughed again, and assured him the little bed would do quite well enough for me, that the big one should not be disturbed; and then said: "Good night."

"Good night, surr." But as McKillan turned to go I heard him heave a deep sigh.

I suppose I was over tired, or, perhaps, it was the new, strange bed; anyhow, I could not sleep. At last I got up and sat by the remains of the fire. Then I walked up and down the room. Then looked at the hearth like bed and wondered what was concealed there. "I've a good mind to pull back the curtains," I said to myself, "just for a bit of fun. It would give one an insight into Irish manners and customs. My hand was almost on the curtains when I desisted. After all, it would be hardly fair, I suppose. I should not like it myself. The room has been lent me on sufferance. It's hardly the thing to cast profane eyes on a girl's belongings—little feminine knick-nacks and vanities, and all that. So instead, I got back to bed a gain, and this time dropped off into a doze, and from a doze passed off into a deep sleep.

"What's that?"

I opened my eyes but saw nothing. The room was not quite dark. Not even the fitful gleams of the moon threw their light through the casement.

What made me start? I distinctly heard the faint sound of scratching; now louder, now softer. How long it had been going on before I awoke I could not, of course, tell; but it was this, doubtless, that had disturbed me.

"What's up?" I thought to myself, "Is the landlord up to any mischief? Does he contemplate a raid on my bag? The thought did not at all make me nervous, for, with a first class revolver at my bedside I felt I was sufficiently well armed in case of an attack, even if he brought a friend or two with him. Then, after a moment, I laughed at myself for imagining such a thing as likely. "Does a man," I reasoned, "resort to the slow and stupid process of scratching a hole in his own door, when one strong kick would have forced it open, though bolted?"

"Of course, it's rats," I concluded, after a few seconds.

"They are nibble-nibble-nibbling at the old boards."

So I rattled with the chair close to me, to frighten my visitors away. Still the sounds continued. I felt a little uneasy at this. And a strange, creepy, eerie feeling commenced to take hold of me. I felt I was not alone in the room; that some other presence besides mine was there. Just then the scratching grew louder, then fainter; suddenly I heard a low moan, and then all was still. While awaiting the development of events, the sounds had ceased. I listened attentively for their recommencement, but heard nothing, except the monotonous "tick, tick" of the clock on the stairs.

The cause removed, the uncanny feeling gradually left me. I even supposed that my imagination might have been juggling with me.

"Strange!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if the place has the character of being haunted, and the landlord and his daughter have been up to my hankey, pankey to serve their own ends. I wonder if, while I was asleep, they concealed them—"

I flew to my bag and opened by pocketbook. Every note, every sovereign, every shilling just the same as when I counted them last night.

I was now so impatient to get down stairs and question McKillan that I tubbed and managed to shove in icy cold water, and was soon in the inn parlor.

I sought my host started slightly on seeing me. "He shall read nothing from me," I determined. "I shall be able to get the truth out of him all the better."

"Ye're down early, surr," said the man, in the sad, almost sullen tone I had noticed in him the evening before.

"Yes, I was hungry for my breakfast, so came down at once."

I fancied he looked relieved at my answer. A pause; then a little hesitation before putting the next question.

"Did ye sleep well, surr?"

"Capitally, take it altogether."

Another pause.

"Got any rats about this place?" I asked presently.

"Rats?—not yet a mouse—dare show his face in the room, with Pincher here to look after them. Here, Pincher!" and he called a remarkably

knowing, pure bred, brown Irish terrier to his side.

"H'm. Is the house supposed to be haunted, do you know?"

"What's that, surr?"

"Any ghosts, spectres, spirits supposed to frequent it?" I said explanatorily.

"I niver heard any such stories of this house, surr," and the man threw a rapid glance at me with his keen, gray eyes.

"What could it have been I heard, then?" I looked him straight in the face as I deliberately asked the question.

"Heard?" he repeated, as if he was listening to some one else than myself speaking.

"Yes, heard?" (He knows something.)

"Heard?" he said again, after a second's pause, and starting to his feet. "For the love of God, what did ye hear?"

I was surprised at the man's vehemence. Was he, then, ignorant of the occurrence?

I told him as briefly as possible of my experiences of the previous night. Of the sound of gnawing or scratching, the cessation of the sounds after a few moments. I was about to question him further, when I looked up into McKillan's face. A cold sweat had started from his temples, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and a scared, terrified look had come into his face.

"Mary—Mother o' God!" he cried out, distractedly, flung open the door and dashed wildly out. I followed wondering what was about to happen.

As we rushed up the stairs, he asked in a hoarse whisper:

"When was this?"

"About three this morning, I should fancy."

"Too late! too late!"

By now we had reached the door. This he flung open, and made for the large bed. He tugged convulsively at the curtains, but they had been fastened, and would not at first yield. Exerting greater strength, he tore them open.

A sight met my eye for which I was little prepared that my blood froze in my veins and my heart stood still.

A rude coffin, with the words on rough, brass plate, "Mary McKillan born 184—, died 187—, R. I. P."

"My darling! my darling!" the man cried piteously, distractedly. "The may be hope yet. Nancy, fetch D. Growin—fetch him, d'ye hear, this instant!"

With the speed of lightning he flew to the cupboard, and drew out several rough implements, and with the aid of these we removed the coffin lid.

There lay a woman in her grave clothes, the eyes wide open, yet over-spread with the film of death; the ardent up near the face, the fingers extended toward the lid, and the nose broken and split with the splinters of elm from the coffin boards.

She had had a brave fight for her life, and I might have saved her! I wept over her dumb agony, and, as I wept, when her struggles were over, I, who lay close to her, listened, and lent no saving hand. Oh, the horror of that woman's second death! Oh, the anguish of her mortal pain! turned to the husband, but he had fainted away. I wiped the sweat from his forehead—that cold, clammy, awful sweat that leaves the indescribable feelings of the fingers that cling to them for years after which the scene is recalled.

I tried to express sympathy for the unfortunate husband and the motherless daughter, but my words were very inadequate to tell to them all I felt.

Presently McKillan became so far recovered as to be able to explain to me—what I could well believe—that he was terrible poor. He ought not, he said, to have let me the room, but when I offered him the sum I did he was not able to resist. The supposed dead wife was to have been buried to-day; that accounted for the significant "to-morrow" of the men on taking leave the night before. The custom of "waking" had taken place before I reached the village, but during its progress poor "Mary" had shown no signs of life.

I stayed over the funeral, as I thought "the family" would like it, and my car being repaired, I started on my journey directly the ceremony was over.

I have never forgotten that awful night. The horror of it clings to me, and even now, after all these years, if I awake in the night I fancy I hear the sepulchral and scratch, scratch of the dying man in woman on the coffin lid, and then the ont.

release into silence which I now know was but the sinking back from an awful awakening into the sleep of death. The distorted face and the strained eyes, all the world like glass marbles, will always haunt me.—*New York Herald.*

The Curse of China.

The sallow complexion of the people of China, their emaciated forms and languid movements, attract our attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy cheek; a dead leaden color is on all faces; old and young, male and female. I look at the broad, swift river; I feel the cool, clear breeze; I gaze at the high green hills, the flowing rivulets and the wide-spreading trees overhanging the hamlets. Upon the mountain sides are houses and hundreds of workmen; approach these busy laborers and you will see this deathlike pallor on all faces.

The climate seems the acme of perfection—a long, pleasant summer, with cool, agreeable autumn and bracing winter; yet there is a want of energy a life among the people. There is plenty of food and of excellent quality—China—rice, wheat, millet, peas, beans, corn, oils and fruits of many varieties all within the means of the humblest laborer.

I enter a large field near a hamlet, the side of a luxuriant growth of ripening wheat. The field is clean; no weed visible. But close together a few feet high stand stalks with lacy heads, brown and decaying now, their bright flowers faded a month ago. These decaying stalks speak; they tell me why the death pallor is upon faces, from the shriveled form of a beggarly child sitting in the shade door. Oh, seductive vipers of millions! Who shall dare to step up in the presence of this fast degenerating people and say the world is not wide-spread and fatal!

Traverse the fairest portion of a province; not the cities alone, but quiet, out-of-the-way places saturated and bordered with the pests, even to the gods.—*New York Graphic.*

The total number of Protestant missionaries is 418,551.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The hair is worn very high.

This is an out-of-the-way season.

The bustle has not been polished.

Fur is used on children's coats and hats.

The Countess de Paris is an expert rifle shot.

The Vassar College girls have a Prohibition Club.

Combinations of green with blue are frequently noted.

All black hats and bonnets are noted in great numbers.

Lord Salisbury has declared in favor of woman suffrage.

All varieties of white flowers are worn by brides this season.

Mrs. M. Thomas is a practical shoemaker living in Kansas.

There are 11,000,000 commercial travelers in this country.

Two young women have opened a drug store in Buffalo, N. Y.

The hood is an article to article to ladies who travel.

The number of women who insure their lives is rapidly increasing.

Flowers are used in a new way to trim the hair.

The foundation of the majority of the winter bonnets are of velvet.

Bright plaids, with plain stuffs, are a feature of girls' dresses.

There are two women inspectors in the New York Custom House.

The proposal to have London beauty show is being put on business terms.

The practice of cutting the hair to a pale yellow is being ground in New York.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President elect, is said to intend to design dresses.

The Russian, although nearly forty years of age, is still a girlish appearance.

Oxidized silver bracelets in a pattern, set with stones of various colors, are in vogue.

Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith has given \$50,000 to the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

A wealthy lady in New York is proposing to endow a cooking school for young women.

Small tablets, bearing Chinese hieroglyphics in relief, is the latest whim for the chateleine.

Tea jackets and house waists for almost any hour of the day are the new bordered silks.

Boston cooking schools have educated 1500 girls in the art of cooking during the past year.

A Kentucky Woman Suffrage Society has just been organized, with Miss Laura Clay for President.

Mrs. Johnson, of Orange, N. J., has ridden over 1000 miles for her travels during the past season.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington, wife of the Pacific slope millionaire, is said to be all over and very handsome.

The fur for ostrich plumes is so scarce just now that the demand is so great to exceed the supply.

Hats, collars, muffs, and trimmings of monkey—which, by the way, is not fur—are in high favor this season.

Side saddles are going out of fashion in England, and the manly way of riding being adopted by many ladies.

Miss Effie A. Southworth has been appointed to the high sounding post of assistant mycologist at Washington.

Hats have a wide brim over the face, most oval in form, and are intended to worn set well at the back of the head.

The low-crowned hats and bonnets, advent of which has been predicted some time, appear but slowly as yet.

The eloquent Leonard H. Barry is re-elected director and investigator of man's work by the Knights of Labor.

Muffs are larger than for several seasons past, and are in soft round shapes, one of the lining blowing on the outside.

The newest fur collars are deep and pointed, forming a V at the back, and coming to a point at the waist-line in woman on the coffin lid, and then the ont.

Varena Davis, the daughter of Jefferson Davis, has been in New York lately writing about the publication of her new novel.

After all, the handiwork, most elegant, and becoming gown the woman who is not fat, short, and clumsy is of black velvet.

Deep dark Russian velvet is the favorite of this color with the Princess of Wales, who wears it on all possible occasions.

At Roseburg, Oregon, is a "Ladies' Summer Brigade," which makes a point of keeping down the heat in the woods.

Deep, round, suited collarettes of cut-work embroidery or lace are worn by the girls with high-collared frocks of velvet cashmere.

Terra-cotta is a warm, comfortable for, which keeps its good appearance a long while and does not show dirt—a consideration.

The Delaware State W. C. T. U. has passed a resolution denouncing the Washington Territory decision disfranchising women.

The sling sack which Mary Anderson wears with the pretty pink gown in which she plays *Ferdia* is a study for young debutantes.

Some very fine ostrich feather fans are made of only three long white plumes, mounted on a jewel-tipped handle of ivory, pearl or shell.

Mrs. Cleveland proposes to make the White House gay for this season than ever before, and to leave that domain in a state of social glory.

Trimming fur is seldom used about a bottom of fur or cashmere, but silk and brocade pelisses are sometimes bound around with fur.

A cooking school is now on her feet at fifteen varieties of appeal. She says that one of the most palatable is a combination of cream, beef tea and barley water.

Mrs. Levi Meritt's eldest daughter, who is nearly 18 years of age. She is described as a beautiful girl, with excellent education and many graces.

BELLS ARE MADE.

OPERATIONS REQUIRING GREAT CARE AND SKILL.

The Musical Tone—Forming the Moulds—Casting and Polishing the Bell—Testing the Tone.

It may not be generally known, says a writer in *Stones and Minerals*, that there are only five concerns in the United States engaged in the manufacture of church, school, and chime bells.

Contrary to the popular idea, the exact musical tone of a bell depends neither upon the metal nor upon any change in its after being cast. If the bell should not be of the exact pitch, there is no alternative but to melt it over and recast it until the proper tone is secured. Hence, it is clear that the greatest care must be exercised, and the most thorough skill displayed.

The first operation, and the one upon which success depends, is the forming of the moulds. They are made according to plans which are first prepared to demonstrate the weight, thickness, and dimensions necessary to produce the required tone. The moulding is done entirely by hand, without the use of patterns. For the inside, the shape is made up of loam, which is merely sand mixed with enough clay to make it cohesive.

With nothing but a trowel, a paddle, and his hands, the operator moulds the loam into the desired shape, working from the bottom toward the apex. The work is necessarily slow, as great care must be exercised, as any variation from the plans would inevitably ruin the effect, and frequent measurements are taken to see that there are no deviations. The surface is now covered with black lead. This is mixed into a thick paint, and applied with a brush. Each coat must be allowed to dry, and successive coats applied until it reaches a thickness of about three-quarters of an inch, or until the desired shape is accurately secured. The outside half of the mould is built up of loam in the same way, only in this case no coating of plumbago is used. The exterior mould covers the inside mould, the space between the two determining the thickness of the bell. The moulds being finished, they are placed in position in a pit in front of the furnace. At the apex, or at the point where the bell would be hung, an opening is made in the outside mould of about two inches in diameter. A trough then carries the molten metal directly into the mould.

The furnace is very similar to those generally used in melting large quantities of brass. The melting pot is built between two fire-boxes, so constructed that the heat strikes the sides and bottom with almost equal force, effecting quick results. The metal used is simply melted copper and tin, in the proportion of four parts of the former to one of the latter. The copper is first melted, and then the tin is put into the molten mass, soon becoming a part of it. The kettle has a capacity of about a ton. For a bell weighing three hundred pounds, the mould is completely filled in seven or eight minutes. For bells weighing six hundred pounds, it requires about fifteen minutes, and so on.

The bell having cooled sufficiently, the moulds are broken, and it is taken out and turned over to the polisher. The inside, having been moulded against the smooth surface of black lead, needs no polishing in that respect. The operation is very simple. The bell is hoisted to the center of a double revolving table. The part the bell rests upon revolves the way, the surrounding part in an opposite direction. This latter part is so constructed that it will hold a large quantity of coke. Thus, in revolving, the coke scours the outside of the bell, the result being a smooth, bright surface.

Before polishing, however, the tone of the bell is tested, and it is again tested after polishing, as carefully as the string of a piano or the reed of an organ. If satisfactory, nothing remains to do but the mounting.

An idea of the great accuracy that must be displayed in the plans and preparation of the moulds can be seen in that from ten to twenty-five pounds of metal, either too much or too little, in bells weighing from 100 to 2000 pounds, or a variation of from one-twentieth to one-tenth of an inch in thickness, will affect the tone. The successful manufacture of chimes and bells, therefore, can only be done by those whose knowledge of the business is as accurate as instinct, and this is possessed only by those who have followed the business for a lifetime.

The Biggest Paving Stone.

The big stone that forms the sidewalk in front of the Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth avenue has long been known to New Yorkers as the largest single stone ever utilized for such a purpose. It was transported at a cost of nearly two thousand dollars and brought down the Hudson in a canal boat. At Delamater's works on the North River the big derelict was brought into requisition to lift the stone from the canal boat to the dock. When in mid-air the chains broke and the stone plunged through the canal boat underneath, boat and stone both going to the bottom of the slip. It was afterward raised and placed in its present position. For years it has been supreme as the biggest solid piece of sidewalk in the city, but a week or two ago it lost its claim through the appearance of a mightier rival. Mr. Fred Vanderbilt is responsible for the new arrival, which is a solid piece of stone fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long, and will be placed in front of his residence. It was quarried at Oxford, Chasago County, and required a special car to be built for its transportation.

Superintendent William Buchanan, of the New York Central Road, devised the car. Nothing can be carried on the Central road that is wider than ten feet or higher than fourteen feet, and with such limitations it was no easy job to make a car that would carry a stone 15x20 feet. This Mr. Buchanan did, however, by putting the stone on edge, and at such an angle that its breadth and height came within the limits set by the tracks and bridges of the road. This was done by mathematical principles. —*New York Mail and Express.*

Nearly one hundred and twenty thousand birds of prey have been killed in France the past twelve months, and in the future crows and magpies are to be exterminated.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Eight dogs will buy a wife in Siberia. At Hong Kong, China, thieves steal the telephone wire.

One acre of land in Wall street, New York, is worth \$14,300,000. John Connerton, of Louisville, Ky., has a mule which chews tobacco.

A cannon ball would reach the moon in eighteen days if it kept right on humming.

The Baxter family of Norwich, Conn., found a valuable ring stowed away in the interior of a turkey.

There is in Sydney, New South Wales, an ancient spinster of 103. She has smoked for fifty years.

George L. King of England, died from drunkenness, which his physician called an apoplectic fit.

A doctor in Cincinnati charges next to nothing for his services in cases where his patient does not recover.

Organs are said to have been first introduced into churches by Pope Vitalianus about A. D., 1670.

A cow broke into a Brooklyn oyster-dealer's establishment and devoured eight quarts of raw oysters before she was discovered.

A drum major of Flint, Mich., hurt himself severely while playing with the gorgeous staff with which he excites the wonder of the small boys.

Tanks of pure coffee ready for consumption are now put up and shipped as far as two hundred miles, arriving at their destination as hot as it can possibly be drunk.

The metal tokens issued by firms and private individuals during the Civil war to pass as small change have no value except as mementos of the times and to curiosity seekers.

A brother of Lord Wolseley, Frederick Wolseley, an Australian squatter, claims attention for having invented a sheep-shearing machine by which one man can shear 140 sheep a day clean as a whistle.

A hog was butchered at Charlton, Ga., a few days since, and in the maw of the swine were found some twenty-two nails and a lot of glass, supposed to have been pieces of a bottle. The hog was apparently healthy.

The mocking birds in Orange, Cal., feed on the berries that grow on the Chinese umbrella tree, and this sort of food makes them tipsy. They act very foolishly after a hearty meal and stagger about badly intoxicated.

Objects of art in Japan are never exhibited by the dozen, either by dealers or by private owners. They are kept carefully packed away in boxes and cotton wool, and are brought out one by one, as the dealer likes.

A kingfisher attacked a black bass near Orlando, Fla. The bird sank its talons into the bass, intending to carry the fish off, but the task was too great, and, as the bird could not free itself, the bass found little trouble in drowning it.

There was too little water in the baptismal pool of a colored church at Kirkville, Ala., and when the sexton started the fire it blew up. The church was full of people, and the pastor had to be taken off the rafters—whether he was thrown—with a ladder, but no one was hurt.

A new device for bicycles allows the use of those machines upon the ice, the little wheel being converted into a runner, while the large wheel is provided with clips that prevent slipping on the ice. In New York parties are now formed to go up the Hudson for a tournament whenever the river freezes over.

The Cow Would Not Be Harnessed.

One could scarcely expect a cow, not trained to the profession of arms, to conduct herself with great self-possession as one of an army. In the "Story of a Boy Company" is to be found an anecdote concerning one such new recruit—a cow, which, with several hens and a rooster, were attached to a Confederate battery. As soon as a halt was made for the night, the fowls were taken from the wagon where they rode, the rooster was tied to a wheel-spoke, by the leg, and his family always remained near him.

As the war progressed, and the horses grew poor, the cow was brought into use as a beast of burden. She was saddled, dishes, frying-pans and coffee-pots were hung upon the saddle, and the docile creature moved away, quite oblivious of the clatter on her back. She was usually tied to a caisson, but often she was turned loose, and thus followed the battery, like an enlisted soldier.

During the last winter of the war a large, raw-boned, brindle cow strayed into camp, and although at first wild, she soon followed the example of the veteran and became an orderly recruit.

One day, when a sudden start had been ordered, it was thought advisable to utilize the new cow as a porter. A little fellow named Carlton was ordered to saddle the cow. The old one was quickly loaded with the Captain's baggage, recently-killed chickens and other retentions, and Carlton then proceeded to put the coffee-pot, skillet and other cooking utensils upon the bridle. He was obliged to make her fast to a pine-tree in order to load her rapidly.

Every thing was ready, the battery was about to move, and the Captain directed Carlton to let go the ropes, and make the brindle follow in the wake of the old cow, who had just taken the line of march in good order. But no sooner had the ropes slipped from brindle's horns than, with head, heels and tail high in the air, she sped down the hill, the sound of her bellowing mingling with the clatter of tin, and forming a brass and tenor seldom heard.

After freeing herself of every vestige of her pack she slowly returned, seeking her companion. The scattered load was collected and placed again upon her back, but as soon as she was free, with a bound and below, she fled down the hill, this time never to return.

A party of United States surveyors who have been engaged on the coast of Oregon the past year say that there are hundreds of fertile valleys unsettled and several good harbors unused, and only awaiting the advent of commerce to create another world of activity.

A pretty idea for decorating the corners is to cluster several lengths of ribbon of the same or contrasting colors at the throat, carry them to the waistline, draw them together, then let them fall as they will.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The First Snow—A Precocious Youngster—The Signs Were There—Vassar's Class Yell, Etc.

Just so faintly falling lightly. Melting into nothing there. On the ground each cake contritely Turns to tears at earth's despair.

Winds blow, Fires glow, All hail the first snow!

While within the fair one smileth On the youth beside her chair, And with tender words beguileth Him his passion to declare.

Oh, ho! How slow! Chilly is the first no. —*Pearl Earrings, in Judge.*

A Precocious Youngster. Smart Boy—"Say, dad, I should think a prisoner could escape after learning the lock-step."

Dad—"Why, my son?" Smart Boy—"Well, he has become well acquainted with the prison gait, don't you see?" —*Detroit Free Press.*

The Signs Were There. He (at a church wedding)—"How haughtily the bride carries herself as she walks up the aisle!"

She—"Yes, and do you notice the expression on the groom's face as he stands waiting for her? A proud, almost stern look he has."

He—"Perhaps they have already had a quarrel." —*New York Sun.*

Vassar's Class Yell. Wellesley Sophomore (to Vassar ditto)—"I do think your class yell is too lovely for anything. How did you get it up?"

Vassar Sophomore—"Oh, we were having a meeting for that purpose, and a mouse came gliding out of its hole. The yell was a kind of spontaneous affair." —*Burlington Free Press.*

Her Apology. Bauble (severely)—"Miss Sharpson, I understand you say that my attempts at wit are simply laughable."

Miss Sharpson (with much humility)—"My dear Mr. Bauble, I withdraw my words. To call your jokes laughable is to grossly misrepresent them, I assure you." —*Accident News.*

An Outgrown Poem.

Editor (to long-haired stranger)—"This is no barber shop, my friend."

Stranger—"I know it, sir, but I have a poem here which from one point of view, is likely to be a trifle rapid. The public will go wild over it. I want to know if you can't give me enough on it to get a hair cut." —*Epoch.*

Merely a Surmise. "How old is Charley Hopkins, Molly?" asked Mr. Bently, as he passed his cup to Mrs. B. for a second supply of coffee.

"Twenty-four, papa. Why do you ask?" replied Molly.

"Oh, your mother and I were only wondering. We gather from what we overheard of his conversation with you last night that he had about reached his dot-age." —*Bazar.*

A Misinterpretation.

She—"What a perfect hive New York is, Mr. Sampson."

Mr. Sampson (significantly)—"That's because Miss Clara, there's so much sweetness in it."

"He (shyly)—'Eh—do you mean, Mr. Sampson, the confectionery and ice cream?'"

He didn't mean confectionery and ice cream, but that's what it amounted to. —*New York Sun.*

Too Technical.

"Wait for me a moment," said one traveling man to another.

"What for?"

"I want to go in here for a second."

"Why you are not going to fight a duel are you?"

"No; certainly not."

"Then what do you want of a second?"

The patrol wagon arrived in just five minutes after the call was turned in. —*Merchant Traveler.*

A Lucky Shot For Her.

"I went out shooting, don't you know, Miss De Lisle, and shot four wild geese, 'pon my honor. I'm very fond of wild geese, don't you know—yass I am, indeed. Are you fond of wild geese, Miss De Lisle?"

"No, Mr. Tompkins," answered Miss De Lisle, serenely. "I much prefer tame geese, and she looked at him with such tender significance that he proposed on the spot." —*Detroit Free Press.*

Books Enough.

Agent (to Farmer Jinks who has a firm clutch on the dog)—"My friend, I want to sell you a book on scientific farming."

Mr. Jinks—"I've got all I want of them books."

Agent—"But this is something new, friend; just out, just published."

Mr. Jinks—"Mister, I don't want to see you hurt, but I can hold on to this dog just two minutes longer."

The agent took the hint. —*Epoch.*

The Dude Was Crushed.

A stout, elderly lady was going by a strap and casting black looks at an offensive but ugugly dude, who sat sucking the head of his cane; a sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force.

"Say, dash it, don't you know," exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!"

"It's not the first time I've made calf's-foot jelly," retorted the woman severely, as he vanished and she prepared to sit down. —*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Nobody Next.

A citizen who had just had a tooth pulled howled himself dismally through the reception-room and down stairs to the street.

"I believe you are next, sir," said a waiting sufferer, politely.

"Oh, no, sir; you came in before I did."

"I'm sure I'm not next," sniffed an old lady.

"I shall have to give up my turn," remarked another, regretfully. "I've waited longer than I can stand."

"My dinner will be ready in half an hour," said the last one left. And they all made a hasty exit. —*Joke.*

Why They Preferred It.

They met in a restaurant and fell into conversation over their lunch. "Ah, me," said the first, "the approach of winter saddens me. I would it were always summer."

"Now, I," replied the other, "like the winter season. In winter I regain my health, enjoy life, meet friends and have a jolly time, which I never do in summer."

"What is your business?"

"I'm an umpire. What is yours?"

"I am a snow shoveler."

"Ah!" —*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Burglar's Mistake.

A journalist residing in the outskirts of Paris was roused the other night by his housekeeper, who said: "Monsieur, there's a burglar!"

"What a burglar come to pay me a visit? He must have been wrongly informed; it is impossible."

"Why, look, he is there. He has already scaled the first floor and has now reached your balcony."

The journalist quietly got up, opened his window, and found himself face to face with the burglar.

"My friend, you have got to the wrong house; the banker lives next door; I daresay you will find there what you want." —*Le Gil Blas.*

An Old Joke Rejuvenated.

One of two things must be the case. Either people really enjoy an old joke in spite of the average belief to the contrary, or else the audience at a minstrel show does not read the papers. At a recent minstrel show the following was received with great applause and laughter:

Interlocutor—"I hear you got married recently."

End Man—"Yes, sir—yes, sir. Married to Miss Jones."

L—"Why, I thought she was engaged to another man."

E. M.—"She was."

L—"And I heard that her father was going to give the other fellow ten thousand dollars?"

E. M.—"Quite correct."

L—"Then how did you get her?"

E. M.—"I offered to take her for nine." —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Change in Luck.

Tramp—"You seem to have a dinner party goin' on inside."

Servant—"Yes."

Tramp—"Big affair."

Servant—"No, only about twelve or thirteen."

Tramp—"Great Scott! is that possible, thirteen? You tell the boss there's a gentleman out here that wants to see him on a matter of life and death."

While the servant is gone to execute this little commission the tramp thus communes with himself:

"Talk about luck. Why, I'm full of it. It never rains but it pours. This morning I had hot buckwheat cakes and sausage for breakfast, and here's a go for a dinner what is a dinner." (The "boss" appears.)

Tramp (doffing his hat with much gentility)—"Sir, I have just learned through your servant that at your pleasant little dinner party to-day the number at the table is thirteen."

Boss—"No, it's only twelve." —*New York Sun.*

She Didn't Scare.

"Say, fellows," he remarked to a crowd in the grocery the other evening, "I know how we can have some fun."

Several parties asked him to explain, and he said:

"My wife is always telling how brave she is, and what she'd do in an emergency, and I want to take her down a peg. I believe she'd scare like a cat. I want one of you to go to the back door and be ugly and sassy and demand supper, and see if she won't fly out of the front."

One of the crowd said he'd cheerfully go, and go he did, while the others posted themselves in front. By and by a woman came to the door, looked up and down, and said to a boy who was passing:

"Bubby, won't you go over to the store and tell my husband to come over?"

"Yes'm."

"Needn't hurry any, but just drop in if it's convenient."

When the crowd came over they found the volunteer lying on his back in the rear yard, unconscious and his nose broken, and the wife said:

"He wanted supper and was ugly about it, and so I laid him out with a flat iron."

And an hour later, when the poor man felt his nose and wanted to know who was to pay damages, echo sadly answered: "who?" —*Detroit Free Press.*

Some Short Bird Stories.

A hen which is said to have hatched and raised sixteen chicks from fifteen eggs is one of the curiosities of Withlacoochee, Fla.

Two immense sand hill cranes are used by an Orlando, Fla., man as watchmen. They prove more serviceable than dogs in warning against tramps or burglars by uttering a shrill note at the approach of any stranger.

A man of Santa Cruz, Cal., respects the law, inasmuch as he waits until the open season for quail, but then he prebreads soaked in whiskey about their tails. They eat, become stupefied, and are bagged by the dozen.

A hawk dived into a lot of ducks in a cove on Moosehead Lake. He got his claws into one, and together they disappeared under water. It was more than a minute before the hawk rose to the surface nearly drowned, and with a labored effort he got away, not, however, until other ducks tried to force him again under water.

A canary belonging to a family of Midland Park, N. J., becomes greatly excited when the six-year-old son comes into the room, and beats itself against the cage until released, when it flies on top of his head, jumps upon his finger, singing lustily, and then, for a rest, settles upon his shoulder. After its frolic, and a piece of apple or celery leaf from its little benefactor, it goes back into its cage.

A Police Judge in New York has decided that boys under sixteen cannot black knots.

Idaho has a population of about 100,000. Its assessable property is given \$21,534,000.

LIFE AMONG THE BOERS.

A STUDY AND RELIGIOUS RACE OF FARMERS IN AFRICA.

They are Poor, but Very Hospitable—Their Dwellings and Industry—Mid-day Sleepers.

The majority of the Boers in this part of the country are wool-growers, and like the rest of their kind, are the most hospitable people on the face of the globe, writes a correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Although living in almost abject poverty, they are ever ready to extend a hand of welcome to every stranger, particularly if he be an American.

I have now traveled over one thousand miles by cart in the colony, and it has always been with the greatest difficulty that I have persuaded the Boers to take from me the price of the corn the horses would eat.

For days we rode along without touching at a single village, and when night came on made for the nearest farm house. As the farms are generally on elevated ground the folks can see the cart a long way off, and as we pull up in front of the house the old Boer and his wife step out to bid us welcome, although we are perfect strangers, and before we have done shaking hands the latter servants are busy outspanning our horses, while the good wife, or "frau," as she is called, hurries away to procure the best cheer her humble dwelling affords.

The Boers, although so hospitable, make a distinction in their attentions to Englishmen and Americans, at least all my friends and I have found such to be the case.

A few weeks ago, as I pulled up at a farm house about sundown, weary with my long day's ride and covered with dust, another cart containing four men pulled up at the same time. We were received in the usual manner, and although there was really no accommodation in the house for five unexpected guests, it never entered into the mind of our host to hint at such a thing. The occupants of the other cart were Englishmen, and my boy, Jan Fatboy, taking in the situation at a glance, and wishing to procure me the best possible quarters, told the old man that I was an American. The result was that my newly made friends occupied two beds, while I had one all to myself.

No matter how late a traveler may present himself, he be Jew or Gentile, Englishman or American, and ask a night's lodging, the Boer's door will instantly open to him and some one of the family will cheerfully turn out of his bed and give it to the stranger, and possibly find another for himself in the hay loft.

The Boer in the construction of his dwelling does not aspire to any higher class of architecture than what pleased his grandfather and father before him. It consists of four plain walls of unburned brick. Its floor is the honest earth with a coating of pounded ant nests mixed with blood and cow-dung. However repulsive this may seem to your ideas, it has a nice, sweet, wholesome smell, and were it not for the fleas which infest every Boer's house, I could find no objection to it, as it has a very cool effect in the hot, dry weather.

There are generally only three rooms and a kitchen or "combase" in the house, the front room opening directly onto the stoop, with two bedrooms on either side. The furniture is of the plainest kind, the chief ornament, as well as the most useful article, being the old Dutch clock, which stands majestically in the corner, numbering the days as well as the seconds of the lives of these honest men. No expensive oil paintings adorn the walls, but conspicuously resting on an ornamental table of ancient date is the family Bible, on which every Boer prides himself. I failed to find any other kind of literature with the exception of a few school books and the "Ready Reckoner," which every Boer in the country possesses.

These people are chiefly the descendants of the Protestant refugees driven into exile by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. A considerable number of the Huguenots made their way to the Cape about that time. They are very religious, and naturally a peaceful people, but when their rights are tampered with they rise to a man and show that although they are ignorant farmers they are skilled in the use of the rifle, and prove it with deadly effect upon their foes. They are very early risers and go about their work long before the sun is up. The men generally pile out of bed about 9 o'clock in the morning, and the first man to make coffee and call the rest. Such is the unwritten law. They work in the field till noon, when they have the heartiest meal of the day. The heat is generally intense at this hour, and as soon as the meal is finished the house is closed up to keep out the flies, and every man, woman and child take themselves off to their beds, where they sleep soundly till the heat of the day is over, when they resume their work till sundown. In the evening, after supper, the people sit round the room barefooted, when a tub is passed round and each person bathes his feet in it. At first I used to object strongly, but found that the refusal gave offense. Now, however, I take care to get nearest the door, where I can have a better chance to use the tub first. It is an old custom and one that induces sleep.

When this foot bathing is finished the old Boer gets down the family Bible and the prayers for the night are read. They sing without hymn books, and most lustily, too, and it is to be regretted that they know so few tunes, for the only one I have ever heard is the tune of the One Hundredth Psalm. They follow the teachings of the Dutch Reformed Church, and every Sunday, no matter what the weather is, the horses are spanned into the cart at an early hour to take them to church, which in some cases is thirty miles away from their homes.

There is said to be nothing in all Europe to equal the extent and beauty of the flower gardens and fruit orchards surrounding the new Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, Cal., which are said to have cost the railroad company owning the establishment \$150,000.

Chicago is spoken by 450,000,000 people. Minneapolis by 150,000,000. St. Paul by 100,000,000. Boston by 70,000,000. New York by 50,000,000. Philadelphia by 40,000,000 and French by 30,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A fund of \$1,000,000 has been left by an English brewer for advancing economic and sanitary science.

A Frenchman has invented a key which simplifies and renders lasting the tuning of stringed instruments.

A petroleum motor that will make fifteen miles an hour and cost \$1 per day, to run is being tested in Chicago.

The watch manufacturers all over the United States are crowded with work, and competition is narrowing margins.

Physiologists have established the fact that the masculine heart weighs more and is larger than that possessed by the fair sex.

The *Popular Science Monthly* says that no flying machine which will fly can ever be constructed until gravity is turned wrong side up.

A document enclosed in a bottle was dropped in the sea in March, 1886, by the Prince of Monaco, to test the currents. It has just been washed ashore at Orkney.

An envelope has been invented which

The Best in the Market,
and as it is received direct from the Mill was
enabled to sell it at the
Lowest Boston Price.
GIVE US A CALL

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

"A Happy New Year" to all our readers.

Miss Saunders spent her vacation at her home in Gloucester.

Next week on Saturday afternoon comes the meeting of the Band of Mercy.

Mrs. Arey, of Salisbury, N. Hampshire, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cheney.

The Roundabout Club met this week at Mr. Alderman's, and all the members enjoyed the fun.

At the Christmas tree festival at the Warren School, seventeen dollars lacking fifty cents was realized.

The Rev. M. G. Gage, of Nashua, will preach in the Follen Church, Sunday, exchanging with the pastor.

Remember the sociable this evening by the "Independent Club" (eight young men) and be sure and encourage them by your presence.

Rev. Mr. Thompson preached last Sabbath a New Year's sermon from the words found in Rev. 22: 13; "I am Alpha and Omega."

Schools have commenced again, and the vacation has been a very pleasant one, though some have regretted the absence of coasting and skating.

The young people will give an entertainment some time this month in Village Hall. The object is to collect money to purchase new lamps for the church which are certainly very much needed.

The eclipse of the sun did not come within our line of observation, and thus New Englanders were deprived of witnessing this phenomena which was so interesting to scientists and others.

Our hotel keepers will begin to look disconsolate, but there is plenty of time yet for drifting snows and the sleigh bells will only ring the merrier for their long rest.

The elements seemed to combine to smile upon the holiday season, and the old year, as if penitent for its past misdeeds, gave its parting benediction with its face wreathed in smiles, and the New Year took up the glad refrain.

Sunday evening, January 6th, there will be a meeting at the Unitarian church at the centre. The service will be conducted by ministers from Arlington, Concord, Bedford, and East Lexington. It is hoped some of our people will avail themselves of the opportunity of being present, as the subject is of vital importance to all our churches.

Mrs. Charles K. Tucker, whose funeral occurred this week, though a resident of Lexington centre, was known and loved and respected by a circle of warm friends in our village. She was ever ready until ill health prevented to watch by the bedside of the sick and dying, and there are many who will rise up and call her blessed. After more than fifty years of happy wedded life, her husband must feel that his home is left unto him desolate.

We regret that Mr. Archibald, who resided on Independence Avenue, has moved with his family to Everett. One cannot help longing sometimes for the good old times in our village, when the dwellers here were fixed, owing for the most part their homes, and changes, (except by death,) were the exception, not the rule. Now one cometh, another goeth, which certainly is anything but beneficial to our schools.

We have been requested to insert in our column of news the awards given by the County Commissioner for damages to following persons, whose property on the Main street is affected by the widening of said street:—

George E. Robinson,	\$150.00
Emily J. Plummer,	70.00
Otis Wentworth,	100.00
Mrs. Cottrill,	1200.00
Timothy H. Bowen,	20.00
Laura M. Brigham,	50.00
A. W. Bryant,	100.00
The heirs of P. P. Pierce,	20.00
Alfred Pierce,	20.00
N. W. Jenney,	150.00
E. S. Spaulding,	60.00
The estate of John Blodgett,	50.00
Susan R. Hall,	75.00
H. D. Hansen,	25.00
Ellen H. Stone,	25.00
Charles Brown,	200.00
E. Dana,	75.00
George O. Smith,	1000.00
P. Mitchell,	75.00
J. D. O'Connell,	150.00
Seraph Foster,	75.00
Mrs. S. F. Lathrop	150.00

Last Saturday morning, sometime after midnight, the house of Mr. John F. Maynard, near Village Hall, was entered by burglars. They gained admission at a back door, probably by turning the key. They thoroughly ransacked the house, and came and went without being heard by the family, taking with them in money \$155.00 or more, most of which was in a desk downstairs; also, old fashioned teaspoons, salt, mustard, table and dessert spoons, three solid silver napkin rings, three watches, four rings and four breastpins. One ring was sixty years old and very peculiar. It was topped with seed pearls and could be easily identified. It adds to the greatness of the loss that the silver and jewelry were mostly heirlooms and valued more highly on that account. It is evident that an attempt was made by the burglars to enter the house of Mr. Jenney, as the key bore marks of the tweezers, but they may have been frightened away by the dogs. The thieves were probably the same that entered houses in Lexington.

Salvation Oil should be the companion of every travelling man. It extinguishes pain, whether resulting from a cut, a bruise, or a sprain.

Chancer says: "For gold in phisike is a cordial." For all that suffer from hoarseness, cold in the chest, lung trouble, or bronchitis, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is golden "phisike." Price 25 cents.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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Mortgagee's Sale of Estate
on Claremont Ave., Arlington Heights.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed, dated February 8th, A. D. 1882, given by George F. Hollis to the Universalist Publishing House, a corporation established by law and located in Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and recorded with Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Libro 1591, folio 432, will by reason of the breach of the condition contained in same, sell by public auction, on Thursday, January 17th, A. D. 1889, at 3.30 o'clock, p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, the following property, viz:—

A certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, situated in that part of Arlington called Arlington Heights, and being lot numbered three in Block four of section B of the Arlington Land Company's lands, as shown in a plan of said Company's lands made by Whitman & Breck and recorded with Middlesex So. Deeds, in Book 21, Plans, and bounded easterly on Claremont Avenue seventy-five feet, southerly on lot four in said Block one hundred and fifty feet, westerly on lots 18 and 19 seventy-nine and 24-100 feet, and northerly on lots 1 and 2 one hundred and fifty feet, containing 11,668 square feet; subject to the restrictions contained in the deed of the Arlington Land Company to said George F. Hollis, and recorded with said Deeds, Libro 1515, folio 607.

\$200 to be paid down at sale, when terms will be made known.

The Universalist Publishing House, by its treasurer, J. D. W. JOY.

Boston, Dec. 17, 1888. 21dec3w

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A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

786 LAFAYETTE AVENUE.
BROOKLYN, Jan. 2, 1889.

No invalid that the world has ever known has attracted so much attention as Miss Mollie Fancher of Brooklyn. A graduate of Dr. West's school on Brooklyn Heights, she was on her way down town to purchase her summer wardrobe, when in getting out of the car her hoop skirt caught on the step, and before it could be removed, she was dragged several rods. Instead of a season at the mountains, this girl, who started out so full of happiness and anticipation, was carried to her bed, and here she has lain for twenty-one years. It does not seem to be within the power of science to explain the psychological effects of this accident, for Miss Fancher's condition from the moment of injury has been abnormal to the very point of the supernatural. No one knows better than she how little true clairvoyance is understood, and no one could be found more unwilling to be ranked among those who account for every unusual experience upon the hypothesis of spirit power. The singular blending of practical common sense with the most phenomenal clairvoyance, makes this woman the most fascinating of anomalies, and a bewildering subject to the student of physical science.

Miss Fancher does not appear in the least ill as she reclines upon her couch, but she does look exceedingly pretty. Indeed she is as artistic a picture as one could well imagine, and as the writer looked at her with the greatest respect and the most profound admiration, she could not help wishing that all those who value courage and industry, who love the beautiful and the true, could have the chance of seeing this rarely sweet and talented woman. For those who groan over their little troubles, a glance at this patient soul who for twenty-two years has not moved from her bed, whose limbs have almost been literally tied into knots, and from whose physical eyes the light has been entirely shut out, could not but make them ashamed of themselves. Miss Fancher has now just one hand left to help herself with, and with this tiny member she accomplishes more downright work than most of those who have their whole body and two eyes to aid them. There is scarcely any description of fancy work that she does not do, and in the most artistic manner. Her afghans are models of beautiful shading, though she has no assistance from such eyes as we look out of. The room in which Miss Fancher lies is always twilight. She cannot bear the admission of the sun's rays, and no person who made use of the usual optic nerves could see to thread a needle. One of Miss Fancher's latest pieces of work is an embroidered cover for a reclining chair. Not only has she wrought the plush with beautiful poppies and their leaves, but the pattern itself was designed by the invalid. The chair is no slight piece of furniture, but from head-rest to arm-piece and foot-rest, these four tiny fingers and wee little thumb have traveled industriously until the result is a miracle.

But there is still a more wonderful thing to relate, which has never before been given to the public. Some two years ago it was the province of the writer to introduce to Miss Fancher a gentleman whose efforts have been wholly directed to the discovery of appliances for the alleviation of suffering. He had heard much of this particular sufferer, and hoped to be able to do something for her comfort. It did not take long for this gentleman to discover that human skill could do very little. But he soon found that Miss Fancher could be of use to him. Her interest in his inventions, and her appreciation and immediate understanding of the intricately mechanical, was a surprise which no words can adequately describe. Without any previous training, and with an environment of physical agony and disability never equalled, this blind, helpless woman confounded the inventor. From cause to effect the clarified brain traced, never weakening, never seeing dimly, never making mistakes. With an intuition as occult and indescribable as the greatest mystery of the universe, weak spots were pointed out, working plans suggested, and all with the calmness and confidence of a trained and scientific intellect. This state of things continued for several months, and last March it was finally decided to make Miss Fancher vice-president of the Sergeant Manufacturing Company of Broadway, New York. Since that time all the business meetings of the firm have been held in the darkened chamber of this phenomenal invalid, herself the spirit and the power of each occasion. When called upon by the writer in regard to this enterprise, Miss Fancher said, "I am proud and happy to be thought worthy to occupy the position to which I have been elected. Now I want to live."

"But did you ever really want to die?"

"Oh, it was unspeakably tedious," she replied pitifully. "Do you sup-

An Attack of Gravel.

The Terrible Suffering of a Woman at 60.—How She was Happily Cured.

There is nothing I now enjoy that I do not owe to having used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. My troubles began in my kidneys and from which I never expected to recover. First there were pains in my back, I was feverish, with no appetite and could not sleep. I was compelled to use a cane, and finally got so weak that I could not stand alone. The distress in my back was terrible. I was burning up with a fever or constantly shivering as it cold. My physicians said

I HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE,

which was alarming information. To add to my affliction after I had been ill about two years, I had a bad attack of Gravel. When this made its appearance my physician gave up my case, and I resigned myself to die. I had four doctors attend me, the best in the country, yet I constantly grew worse. Six years ago last June, how well I remember the time I saw Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy advertised in our paper. After using one bottle I threw away my cane and went to New York on a visit, and three bottles cured me. I have never had a return of Gravel, nor of the pains or weakness in the back, and though I am over sixty years of age I am

Now Vigorous and Strong.

as I was in my prime. I do all my own work, and rarely know what it is to be tired. I keep the medicine in the house and give it to my grandchildren, and all of the various remedies I had taken could not do Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did—it stayed the disease and made me a strong, vigorous woman.

Mrs. Emeline P. Minner, Dundell, Ohio.

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Furnace Business,

In WEST MEDFORD,

are now prepared to fill orders in their line in

ARLINGTON AND VICINITY,

Promptly and Satisfactorily. We especially

wish to call the attention of the Builders to

whom we would be pleased to furnish estimates

at any time.

Having worked for several years in Arlington,

we are well acquainted with the style and

system of the work, and on the other hand our work

is well known by many.

DUNBAR & LA CHAPPELLE.

Real Estate Matters.

12 Room House to Let.

Academy Street, Arlington.

The same is nicely finished, has all the modern

conveniences of furnace, hot and cold water,

gas, etc., and has a good lot of land with

fruit trees. Rent moderate. Apply to

C. S. PARKER.

3 TENEMENTS TO LET

In Swan Place, Arlington.

Located in the large four-tenement house near

end of the place. Are arranged in flats, have

modern conveniences, and are particularly

desirable for small families. Apply to

O. B. MARSTON.

TWO VERY FINE ESTATES!

on Fiske Place, Arlington.

pose designing patterns and working

in silk and crewels would fill your life?

No, indeed. If you had no higher aims

than these, life would not be of much

value to you. I have tried to be as

cheerful as I could, and make as little

trouble as possible, and the way to suc-

ceed in my endeavors was to fill the

day with work. Of course there are

times when by reason of hemorrhages

and spasms, I cannot do very much.

But, as I was saying," she resumed

with a smile, radiant as a child's,

"making pretty things is better than

idleness, and I really like artistic need-

lework. But do you know," she added,

almost gayly, "none of my friends

ever give me any of their embroidery,

nor bring me any to look at either, and

I think it is real mean."

"The reason is very plain," the writer

replied. "The best must seem

botch-work beside yours."

"No, indeed," was the quick answer,

"but it is nice to see something beside

one's own work once in a while."

This talk about "seeing" was very

weird, considering the darkness and

closed lids.

The reader must bear in mind that

Miss Fancher has now only the use of

her right hand. The other little mem-

ber lies perfectly helpless, and yet, with

an adroitness which is simply uncanny,

she manages to tuck the material upon

which she is engaged between the

thumb and fingers of this disabled

hand, and in a way to steady the work.

In fact the little left hand, managed

and lifted by the skillful management

of this brainy, plucky, "never say die"

woman, becomes a sort of human paper

weight as useful as it is unique.

"Then I am to understand that your

new business makes you happy?" the

writer remarked.

"Oh, yes. You see, all these years I

have so longed to do something which

would be of real use, something

worthy, something that would exercise

what brain power I possess. I can

now do something for others, and

most agreeably, because this work is

right in the line of my aptitude. You

see there isn't a physical ailment, a

twist, a sprain, a dislocation, a spinal

weakness, a misery anywhere in the

human body that I do not understand

from experience. Possessing this wide

information," and here Miss Fancher

smiled a little at her own facetiousness,

"and having mechanical talent, it is

not wonderful that I am at home in ap-

pliances for the sick. Yes, indeed,

now I am happy indeed."

Who shall say the cause of woman is

not advancing when Miss Mollie Fan-

cher can lie upon her bed, and by the

simple power of her brain direct the

management of a great manufacturing

company.

The indignation among the New

York dressmakers against Dr. Taylor,

Nell Nelson and the "New York

